Monsieur *PETER JURIEU's*

PASTORAL LETTER

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Written on the Occasion of the

DEATH

Of the Late

Queen of England

Of Blessed Memory.

WITH

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

Greatness of that Loss to EUROPE.

By *PETER JURIEU*, Professor of Divinity, and one of the Ministers of the *French* Church at *Rotterdam.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Daniel Brown*, at the *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*: And *Richard Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. MDCXCV.

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Death of the Queen.

Most Dear Brethren,

MY Thoughts are so fixt upon the sad Object of our Grief, that 'tis impossible for me to divert them from that, to the Consideration of those Subjects with which I had design'd to entertain the Publick. The Death of the QUEEN *of* *ENGLAND*, whom God has lately taken away from us, does too entirely possess every

Mind that is touch'd with it, to leave room for any other Reflexions. Out of the abundance of the Heart, the Mouth must ſpeak: Our Loſs is too great, and our Grief too ſtrong to be ſuppreſt. And to whom can I ſpeak of that Loſs more fitly than to you, *my Dear Brethren*, to whom that *Great* QUEEN was both a Mother and a Protectreſs? But what ſhall I ſay to you on this Occaſion? Shall I attempt to write Her *Funeral Oration?* That is a Deſign far above my ſtrength to execute. It may be ſaid, without flattering that *Great Princeſs*, that Her high and extraordinary Merit had raiſ'd Her above all Praiſe. At leaſt 'tis certain, that he that would praiſe Her worthily, muſt be Maſter of all that Elevation of Thought, and Beauty of Expreſſion, which we admire in the beſt Orators. But beſides, this is not, in my Opinion, the Task that is preſcrib'd to us by our Duty, and the Great Deſign which I have in my view, to inſtruct and ſupport you under your Temptations. 'Tis the misfortune of our Time, or rather of all former Ages, that 'tis impoſſible, by theſe Elogies, to diſtinguiſh between Truth and Falſhood, or between real and counterfeit Merit, by reaſon of the flattering Colours with which Vice is daub'd over. There is indeed a certain kind of Shame that reſtrains men from running to an Excels in the praiſe of Living Perſons, whoſe Actions are for the moſt part daily Refutations of their Elogies: But 'tis look'd upon as a Duty,

a Duty, and matter of Conſcience, to obſerve no meaſures with reſpect to the Dead. The Heathens did not only Deify their Emperors, for we are inform'd by the Learned, that there were generally three Letters engrav'd on the Tombs of deceas'd Perſons, which ſignify, *Sacred to the Gods Manes.* When Death has drawn the Curtain, 'tis only the ſhining part of a Life that breaks through, and all the ſhadows, or rather dark parts of it remain hid. Which is the Reaſon that Orators imagine that they are privileg'd to uſe all manner of liberty on theſe Occaſions: Every thing appears ſtrain'd and exaggerated; they tell us not only all the good Qualities that their Heroes and Heroins had, but alſo alls thoſe that they wanted. And even ſometime they proceed to ſuch a height of exceſs, as to make Heroical Vertues, of Actions and Sentiments that are real Crimes, not only according to the Spirit of the Goſpel, but even according to the dictates of Human Morality. 'Tis plain that Panegyriſts labour more for their own Glory, than for that of their Heroes. They would inſpire us with Grief; but the Pains which they take, and the Art which they uſe to compaſs that deſign, ſerve only to convince us that they neither believe, nor are touch'd with what they ſay. True ſorrow is altogether inconſiſtent with ſo much Art; ſo prevailing a Diſorder doth almoſt deter grateful Minds from paying juſt Homage to true Worth. For in few years, ſay they, it will

not be known who is the Flatterer, whether he that Writes the Elogy of a Vicious Perſon, or he who Celebrates a Heroin. But I leave this difficulty to be conſider'd by thoſe who ſhall be call'd to immortalize the Memory and Vertues of this *Great* QUEEN, and they will eaſily ſurmount it. For let the Age be as unjuſt, Calumny as ſpiteful, and Flattery as univerſal as 'tis poſſible to conceive them to be; the Brightneſs of that *Princeſs*'s Life, will ſtill be ſufficient to diſſipate all the Clouds, with which a Party that are Enemies to God, would darken it.

It was the Cuſtom to viſit the Tombs of the Illuſtrious Deceas'd, either to Weep over them, or to cover them with Flowers: But 'tis not barely with ſuch a deſign that we approach the Tomb of our *Great Queen*. 'Tis true, we cannot behold this great Triumph of Death, without feeling our Souls pierc'd with Grief, and without watering our Boſoms with Tears: But far from coming thither to Weep, we rather come to dry our Tears, and ſeek for Comfort; neither do we bring Flowers, but come to ſeek Fruit. For never did there happen a more inſtructive Accident, or which could better teach us what we are, what we ought to be, and what we ought to think: Theſe are the Leſſons that I intend to lay before you at preſent. But theſe Inſtructions have ſo great a dependance upon the Worth

and

and Excellency of the Princeſs whom we Mourn, that I muſt ſay ſomething of Her great Qualities, of the Beauties of Her Body and Mind, and of the Circumſtances of Her Elevation and Fortune.

MARY, *Princeſs of* England had certainly all that could render a Perſon lovely, either in reſpect to the Body or to the Mind. The Spirit of Chriſtianity, which deſpiſes Fleſh and Matter, will not ſuffer me to inſiſt upon thoſe viſible Beauties with which that Princeſs was Enrich'd: I ſhall content my ſelf with applying to her what was ſaid of another Queen, whoſe Memory is not yet loſt, that *She was altogether Lovely, and that it was impoſſible not to love her.* But She did not in the leaſt reſemble thoſe Princeſſes who have all that is neceſſary to inſpire Love, but are deſtitute of that Vertue which is neceſſary to preſerve them from Love. 'Tis well known that Beauty is one of the greateſt Temptations to which a Woman is obnoxious: For that is a Temptation which is ever preſent with Her, even when She is fartheſt removed from Tempters. Our QUEEN was from Her Birth of a Sweet and Mild Temper; She was not capable of uttering a hard word; but ſhe was arm'd with ſo powerful and perfect a Modeſty, that never any guilty Thought durſt ariſe in Her preſence. She was naturally Devout, the

bent of her Heart was toward God; She was full of Compaſſion for the Miſerable, Humble without Meanneſs, Great without Pride, Eaſy of Acceſs, and Affable; and none ever went from her Preſence without being Charmed by Her. With all theſe great Endowments which ſhe ow'd to Her Blood and happy Conſtitution, rather than to Her Education, She fell into the Hands of WILLIAM HENRY *Prince of* ORANGE, while She was yet almoſt a Child. That Prince, at that time in the hotteſt part of his Youth, had acquir'd in the School of Affliction, all the Ripeneſs and Solidity of the Wiſeſt Old Age. He found in the Princeſs a Soul tender and capable of every good Impreſſion. And it may be ſaid, that the Prince never gave a more illuſtrious Proof of his great Ability, than in the manner by which He ſtamp'd His own Image on Her ſoft Mind. He was Her Husband, Her Father, and Her Guide; and in a little time render'd Her one of the beſt Accompliſh'd Perſons in the World. This was His Maſter-piece; He taught Her to Reign long before She was a Queen; He inſpired Her with that Wiſdom, that Silence, that Reſervedneſs, and that Moderation, which is hereditary to the Family of WILLIAM *of Naſſau, Prince of* ORANGE; who was Sirnam'd, the *Silent*, or the *Reſerv'd*. The Court of this Young Princeſs was diametrically oppoſite to all the other Courts of *Europe*: No gawdy Pleaſures, no Converſations of Vain Wits,

Wit, no ſcandalous Divertiſements, no Intrigues of Gallantry were to be found there. She never would endure any Perſons to be ill ſpoken of in her Preſence, not even the Enemies of the Prince Her Husband: For though She deteſted the Crime, yet She would not ſuffer the Faults of Mankind to be made the matter of common Talk: And as ſoon as any Perſons opened their Mouths on ſuch a deſign, She never fail'd to impoſe Silence, at leaſt by a certain coldneſs, and an Air which chill'd the moſt fiery Tongues. Nor did ſhe take pleaſure in the Relations of publick News, and the Reflections that are uſually made upon them; becauſe ſhe had learned never to diſcover her Sentiments on ſuch Subjects. And therefore thoſe who made Court to Her, never enter'd upon theſe Matters; or at leaſt did not inſiſt upon them: For Courtiers ſtudy the Inclinations of the Prince, to follow them. So that 'twas no wonder that the general Converſation before the Princeſs did often ſeem dry: For take away Back-biting and Publick News from ordinary Diſcourſe, and there will be very little left. But to make amends, Her Confidents, who had the honour to ſee Her in private, found in Her an admirable Openneſs of Mind, and a Solidity of Judgment altogether beyond Her Sex: Yet She was ſtill reſerv'd to thoſe whom prudence forbid Her to confide in: Theſe Perfections were accompani'd with a briſk and pleaſant Wit and Humor, which might have ſeem'd inconſiſtent with ſo clear a

Judgment; for the pleasant Humor of Ladies proceeds usually from the Heat of their Imagination, which gets the better of their Judgment. But Her Airiness never carry'd Her to the least Indecency; I believe there is not one Man or Woman in the World that will dare to affirm that they ever heard Her speak a Word that ought not to have been spoken, or saw Her do an Action that ought not to have been done. This is indeed a high Commendation, but 'tis literally true, and without the least Exaggeration. Her great Soul was never put to a harder Trial, than on the occasion of the Revolution in *England*; and Her Wisdom never appear'd with greater lustre. Never was there a nicer juncture for a truly Christian Soul, for a Wife that was still a Lover, and a Daughter deeply sensible of Her Duty. I know some persons to whom She then did the honour to discover the bottom of Her Soul, which was agitated by so many troublesome, different, and even contrary Motions; where the Husband and the Father were contending together, in that tender Heart, which became the Field of all their Battels. But it may be truly said, that She disengaged Her self out of all these perplexing Circumstances in an admirable manner: And that She Sacrificed Her Love, Her Quiet, and Her Tenderness, to Her Zeal to Her God, to the Publick, and to Her Religion.

Such

Such is the Character of our QUEEN, for the truth of which, and that I have not flatter'd Her in the Picture that I have made of Her, I may appeal to the King Her Husband, and to the Publick that ador'd Her. 'Tis well known, that Conjugal Love is rare, and usually very cold among the Great; the Delights of a Court enervate the Soul, and Criminal Passions destroy Lawful ones, as the flame of Powder and Salt-Peter extinguishes the brightest Torches. But our pure and chast Princes did not dissipate their Hearts and Affections on Foreign Objects. The Court of *England* was become a *Holy Court*. Concubines, Amours, Mistresses, Intrigues and Jealousies were not heard of there. All the Royal Houses by the Piety of these Great Sovereigns were happily chang'd into Temples and Oratories; where God was serv'd sincerely and purely; where the Divine Service was no longer made a Ceremonial Part of the Royal Grandeur. The Queen had her Hours of Devotion exactly regulated. In the Morning, before She went to Her Chappel, She enter'd into Her Closet, where She remain'd several hours. In the Evening She observ'd the same Method, after She came from thence. How many Prayers did She put up, how many Exercises of Devotion and Humiliation has She been seen to practice upon Extraordinary Occasions, such as

that

that of the Prince Her Husband's Expedition to *England*!

After She came to the Throne, Her Advancement made no change in Her Manners, in Her Sweetneſs, and Mildneſs; in Her Piety, Modeſty and Abſtinence from all the Criminal Pleaſures of Worldly Courts. With Her chearful Temper, ſhe liv'd more contentedly among Her Women, Her Work, and Her Gardens, than other Princeſſes do in the midſt of all Their Studi'd Delights, and Pompous Effeminacies. The Court began to put on a very different Air, from that which it had formerly. Vice, which reigns inſolently every where elſe, began to hide its face there; a happy preſage that it would quickly diſappear! That Great King, being deeply touch'd with all the Excellent Perfections of His Incomparable QUEEN, after a Poſſeſſion of Seventeen or Eighteen Years, lov'd Her with more Ardour than others do at the birth and heighth of their Paſſion. Beſides a thouſand Proofs that he hath given of His rare Tenderneſs, the QUEEN's Death hath confirm'd it beyond exception. He never ſtirr'd from Her Chamber during the whole courſe of Her Sickneſs. He was often ſeen to burſt forth into Tears; and when She expir'd, Death ſeem'd reſolv'd to put an end to two Lives by one Blow: For the Living KING had as many Signs of Death as the Dying QUEEN.

QUEEN. He who never fear'd any thing, whom the greateſt Dangers could never daunt, had not Courage enough to bear ſo Cruel a Separation. Thoſe numberleſs Deaths which he had often look'd in the face, were never able to ſhock his great Soul. The QUEEN's Death alone found out his tender part, and made him give ground. That lively and unuſual Grief in a Prince, who is naturally of a dauntleſs and unconcern'd Temper, and uncapable of being diſturb'd by Paſſions, is a certain ſign, that the Bonds which united theſe two Souls, were unexpreſſibly ſtrong; And at the ſame time it is a clear Proof of the Heroical Vertue of both. They lov'd each other almoſt to exceſs, becauſe they knew one another to be perfectly vertuous, and worthy to be lov'd. For the Love of God, and of his Glory, was the ſource of their Conjugal Love. And upon this Occaſion give me leave to repreſent to you the greatneſs of our Obligation to theſe two Illuſtrious Lovers. They were link'd together by the cloſeſt Ties, they were paſſionately enamour'd of each other; and yet ſuffer'd themſelves to be ſeparated every Year by a voluntary Exile of Six Months. The King ſacrific'd His deareſt Delights to the Publick Good, and to the Glory of God: And the Loving QUEEN, during theſe tedious Campaigns, ſacrific'd that Dear Huſband, and expos'd Him to the Faithleſneſs of the Sea, to that more terrible treachery of Men,

Men, and to the Dangers of Battels, in which His Courage engag'd Him every moment: And all, for the Publick Good, for the Quiet of *Europe*, and for the Glory of Her God.

Nor was the End of this Princeſs unſuitable to Her Beginning. Young and Fair as She was, a QUEEN, and a Happy QUEEN, ador'd by Her own Subjects, and by Strangers; She welcom'd Death like one that had reaſon to be weary of the World, and as if the World had been weary of Her. Being inform'd on the ſecond day of Her Sickneſs, that Her Diſeaſe was the *Small Pox*, and of a very dangerous Kind, becauſe they did not come out; She addreſt Her ſelf to God in a moſt devout Prayer, and reſign'd Her ſelf to his Hands. When She was advertis'd of the fatal Approaches of Death, She receiv'd the news with a great deal of Firmneſs, and without the leaſt Diſturbance. She made Her Peace with God, and receiv'd the ſtroke of Death, bowing down Her Head, and lifting up Her Soul towards Heaven, like an Innocent Lamb, or a pure Victim, that offers up it ſelf to its God in a voluntary Oblation.

Think

Think what Advantages the World receiv'd, and might have receiv'd from such a *Queen*. And indeed it may be said that never any Person of Her Sex, that had a King and a Husband alive, was so useful to Mankind. Private Persons may speak of this from their own Experience. What a vast multitude of Alms, of Pious and Charitable Works are now with Her before God. She was sensibly touch'd with the Affliction of the People of God. She maintain'd every where a great Number of Women of Quality, who had left their Estates and Country. She contributed large Sums for the Entertainment of so many indigent Persons, who being driven from their own Habitations, had without Her assistance, led a most wretched and languishing Life. She had the Blessings of the Widow and the Orphan; and Her only Grief was that She could not provide for all their Necessities.

These Advantages which we receiv'd, were indeed very precious in the sight of God. But there were others that shin'd brighter in the Eyes of Men. Who can enough admire her Wisdom, Prudence and Courage in sharing the burthen of Government with Her Illustrious Husband. By Her that Great King could be present in several Places at once. By Her He extended his Empire beyond the Sea. While He commanded Armies on our Frontiers, and set bounds to that ambitious Grandeur, that would have swallow'd up all the World: The *Queen* supply'd his place on the Throne; She assisted at Her Council four or five hours together, answer'd all Proposals with an admirable Presence of Mind, and with a piercing clearness of Judgment unfolded the most knotty difficulties. And in what

Time did She rule ſo ſucceſsfully? In the moſt difficult Times that *England* ever ſaw; in the midſt of a thouſand Conſpirators who cover'd their pernicious Deſigns with the ſpecious pretext of a tender Conſcience, and Allegiance to their Sovereign. The Enemies Fleet appear'd on the Coaſts under the formidable Name of an injur'd King, and an incens'd Father: within Cabals were form'd to introduce the Enemy. The King was abſent, buſy'd in defending the Frontiers of His Allies. The *Queen* watches, labours night and day, takes Her meaſures, prevents the Conſpirators, ſees that Fleet diſperſt which came to put Her in Chains, and like a Rock remains unmov'd in the midſt of ſo furious a Tempeſt. Every Campaign renew'd Her Labours, and ſtill She was attended with the ſame glorious ſucceſs. When the King return'd, She return'd to Her Reſt, She retir'd peaceably to Her Works and Gardens, as if She had been capable of nothing elſe. Juſt like thoſe Heroes of ancient *Rome*, who left their Countrey Labours to command Armies, and having routed the Enemies, and ſecur'd the Commonwealth, return'd again to their little Employments. We have already ſeen what a *Queen* we have loſt: let us now hearken to the Inſtructions that are offer'd to us by the Illuſtrious Deceas'd,

In the firſt place, She gives us a Leſſon, concerning the Vanity of the World, which ought to have a great influence upon us. 'Tis true we ſee daily Examples of it; but they are ſo many, that they cannot make a laſting Impreſſion upon us. We are ſo accuſtom'd to them, that we muſt have remarkable Examples ſet before us from time to time, to rouſe

rouſe us out of that Stupidity in which we are buried. The common People, Citizens, and Tradeſmen periſh before our eyes; but theſe are unpriviledg'd Heads which fall in heaps, and dye unregarded. A thouſand Funerals paſs along our Streets; and are no ſooner paſt than forgotten. They tell us of Princes and Kings that died ſome Ages ago, which now are only ſo many vain Names in Hiſtory. The Preachers draw theſe Goblins out of their Sepulchres, to affright us: but they loſe their labour. Death ſeizes on as many Crown'd Heads in this, as in any former Age; for a Crown has no more power now to beſtow Immortality upon him that wears it, than it had a thouſand years ago. But we have always ſome pretext ready to excuſe our want of attention, and to elude the force of ſuch Examples. That Prince was old, and 'twas time for him to be going. This Princeſs was tender, and could not live long. Another had done a great deal of miſchief, and 'twas juſt that he ſhould go to receive the Puniſhments that he deſerv'd. One was hated by his Subjects, and therefore Death was a Bleſſing to him. And another, 'tis true, did little harm, but leſs good, and therefore the World was well rid of him.

Come, *my dear Brethren and Fellow Mourners*, come and ſee: Behold an Inſtance, that cuts off all ſuch pretexts. Behold a Young Perſon who had receiv'd from Nature all imaginable Favours; ſee a Great Princeſs in the flower of her Age, of a ſound Conſtitution, which promiſed a long Life; behold a Charitable Soul, an inexhauſted Source of Good Works, and the Delight of all the World. Behold in this

Inſtance the Vanity of the World unvail'd, the meanneſs of the moſt ſhining Creatures, the weakneſs of Humane Confidence, and the diſappointment of all the Hopes of Man. Learn to raiſe your Minds to more ſolid Enjoyments, which Death cannot rob you of. And You, who abuſe your Beauty to ſerve your criminal Deſigns, inſtead of making a right uſe of it, as this Great Princeſs did of Hers; come and ſee, in this great Mirrour, what e're long you ſhall likewiſe be.

Palaces, Guards, well man'd Walls, Ornaments, rich Furniture, delicious Tables, numerous Trains of Servants, and the magnificent Pomp of your guilty Pleaſures; all theſe things ſhall not ſave you from the inſults of Death. *For if thoſe things be done in a green Tree, what ſhall be done in the dry?* Weep, ſaith that *Great Princeſs*, weep for your ſelves, and not for Me. Let us weep for our own Vanity. For She is crown'd with Glory in the Heavens, where She is now receiving the Recompence of Her Good Works. But we are left in a World, which rouls like a furious Torrent, where Young and Old are carried headlong to the Abyſs of Death. You Great Perſons, who abuſe your Power, behold this Example; and remember that you ſhall be quickly ſummon'd to receive the Sentence of Death from that Judge, who has lately rewarded our *Queen* with a new and glorious Crown.

I proceed to a ſecond Leſſon, which is no leſs important than the former. The Queen's Death by diſcovering to us the Vanity of the World, teaches us how to *Live*. And the Piety and Reſignation with which She receiv'd Her Death, inſtructs us how to

Dye.

Dye. After the ſecond Day of Her Sickneſs, they did not conceal from her the Nature of her Diſtemper: and ſhe receiv'd the News with an extraordinary ſtrength of Mind, and with a perfect Submiſſion. Yet there were ſtill ſome hopes left till the ſixth day of Her Diſeaſe. But then the Combination of ſeveral deadly Symptoms, the Small-pox, the Meaſles, *Eriſypelas*, Purple Fever, oppreſſion at Her Breaſt, and loſs of Blood took away all hope of Life. My Lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, who never left Her, deliver'd the diſmal Meſſage to Her: the whole Court and City were in deſpair, all Perſons were cover'd with Tears, there was nothing to be heard but Sighs and Groans: the King loſt all his Courage, and both He and She were equally bewail'd. The Queen alone receiv'd the fatal Tidings without trouble: She anſwer'd, that She was ready to render to God that Soul which She had receiv'd from him: She addreſs'd her ſelf to him with a moſt ardent Devotion, to obtain his Mercy; She reſign'd Her ſelf to His Will; She begg'd forgiveneſs in the Name, and through the Blood of Her Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt; and recommended to Him, that which was deareſt to Her in the World, the King Her Husband. The reſt of *Wedneſday* and *Thurſday* even to Her Death She paſt in a perfect freedom of Mind, and in the Tranſports and Raptures of a Soul that was wholly devoted to God: She comforted Her Comforter, and edifi'd all Her Aſſiſtants; She receiv'd the Sacrament devoutly, and at laſt yielded up Her Soul to God, without ſuffering it to be forc'd from Her.

My Brethren, the moſt wretched Creatures are not willing to die; they have oftentimes no reaſon to deſire

desire to live; yet they will not be perswaded to a religious Preparation for Death. Let us hearken to this Example, which sets before us a Queen, Young, Fair, Happy, Lov'd and Ador'd, Ty'd to the World by the firmest Bonds: yet all these Ties were broken by the hands of Her Piety, as if they had been made of Chaff. *O Death*, said a certain Wise man, *how bitter is the remembrance of thee to one that lives peaceably in his own House*: but how much more bitter might it have been to Her who liv'd gloriously in a magnificent Palace? Let us labour then *my Brethren*, to cover our selves with a holy Confusion: Let us learn to die in our Meanness, in our Baseness, in our Poverty, in our Cottages; as this Young *Queen* hath done in the midst of all Her Grandeur, and of all Her Glory.

These are truly great Lessons, but I have found out others that are both higher and more Mysterious.

First, I admire the depth of the Providence, and Judgements of God. Who knows, whether we have not occasion'd the death of our dear *Princess*, by our excessive Love of Her? If you have studied the History of Providence, you ought to have learn'd there, that God takes pleasure to break our Idols. Of these Idols some are vain, such as were those of the Gentiles; and these God breaks to pieces in his indignation, and in the Fury of his Jealousie: Others are good and worthy to be lov'd, but they cause us to lean too much to the Creature; which is alwayes displeasing to God, and therefore he breaks these Idols

dols in his Mercy, and for our Salvation. Sometimes he produces those Master-pieces of his Goodness, he sets them before us, and leaves them with us, so long as 'tis necessary to make us know them and love them: and then he withdraws his Work and his Image from us, and takes them to himself, least we should run to an Excess, by loving those Excellent Persons too much with respect to Themselves, and too little with regard to Him, who is Author of all their Grandeur and Perfections.

Secondly, Here we may see the Condemnation of the rash and unwarrantable judgments of some who say, that God in his Justice shortens the days of those, who make a bad use of them. If ever Person made a right use of her Time, and of her Life, it was certainly our Great and pious *Queen*. But why then did not God prolong Her dayes? These are the depths of God, and the Abyss of his Wisdom into which we must not search. *No man knoweth either love or hatred, by all that is before them; there is one event to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not. There is a Just Man that perisheth in his Righteousness, and there is a Wicked Man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness*, saith the Wise man. The Wicked descends to the Grave with a hoary head; and he whom God loveth is withdrawn from the Evil that is to come. Nor have the Godly any Reason to complain of their Lot; they shall receive Crowns in Heaven more valuable than those which they may have lost on Earth. Indeed we who are left here, are wont to complain, but unjustly; God takes from us Persons *of whom the World was not worthy*:

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and why did not we render our ſelves worthy to enjoy them?

Thirdly, Let us learn from hence ſilently to adore the unſearchable Judgments of God. God leaves in the World an infinite number of Perſons, that are like Blemiſhes on a fair Face: *Clouds they are without Water, carried about of Winds. Raging Waves of the Sea, foaming out their own ſhame. Spots in our Feaſts of Charity.* And without reckoning the Wicked, how many uſeleſs Perſons are there in the World? If we conſult our own falſe Wiſdom we may perhaps break forth into ſuch Complaints as theſe: Ah! why are there not a Million of thoſe baſe and guilty Wretches ſacrific'd for the Preſervation of One ſo dear and precious a Life? Why do Perſecuters and the Diſturbers of the Publick Quiet prolong their days to be Scourges of Mankind; whilſt the Delights of the World fly away with the ſwiftneſs of a ſhadow, which vaniſhes away, and returns no more? Let us learn, O Chriſtians, to make a right uſe, or rather to make no uſe at all of that Word which is ſo common amongſt us: *It had been better otherwiſe.* To how many Perſons do we apply this Word; if ſuch a Perſon dies, immediately, we cry, *It had been better otherwiſe.* Thou knoweſt, O God, and thou makeſt us know that this is a great Error! Whatſoever thou doſt is always beſt. *Thy Will is ever good and perfect.* Grant then that we may acquieſce in it: Inſtruct us in the Depths of thy Wiſdom, and make us ſenſible of the Juſtice of thy Actions; that we may henceforth avoid ſuch prophane Expreſſions.

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In the laſt place, we ought to admire with the Prophet, the conduct of that God, *who is wonderful in counſel, and excellent in working.* His Providence doth often ſet in order ſecond Cauſes, for the production of Effects, which his eternal Decrees will bring forth in their due time. And this Order appears ſo natural to us, that we cannot believe, that he will change it for another: But on a ſudden we ſee this Order reverſt, and thoſe Chains of ſecond Cauſes broken to pieces. VVe are in an Age of Iron and of Braſs, we live in the Dregs of Time, a Time in which the World and the Church have need of great Agents, and Examples for the Reformation both of Doctrine and Manners. God ſeem'd to have united the two wiſeſt, moſt pious, and moſt zealous Perſons of our Age, to accompliſh his work, and make a new Chriſtian VVorld. The Union of theſe two great Souls appear'd to us like the Conjunction of two great Stars, which, we expected, ſhould have ſhed their influences on both ſides of the Seas, by making Peace to ſpring out of the Earth, and Righteouſneſs to come down from Heaven. And indeed theſe effects were already produc'd in a very ſenſible manner. Already God had begun to fulfill our hopes, and accompliſh his own Deſigns. VVhen, lo! by an unexpected ſtroke, he has at laſt interrupted the Courſe of thoſe Proſperities, which that Union could not fail to produce.

By this Conduct God would teach us two things. The Firſt is our own Ignorance: VVe believ'd that he would proceed in one Method, and we ſee that he has taken another. VVhich ought to make us ac-

knowledge our ignorance of the Depths of his Providence. The other thing, that God would teach us, is, that we ſhould alwayes live in an entire, and even in ſome meaſure, in an immediate dependance on his Will. He would not have us to depend too much on humane means. He would give us to underſtand, that his Wiſdom is infinite, and that he has a thouſand ways to arrive at the ſame end. He deprives us of Perſons that ſeem'd to be moſt neceſſary for the execution of his Deſigns; and yet he would not have us doubt of the accompliſhment of them. Let us leave all to him, for if he does not finiſh his VVork by this VVay, he will certainly do it by another. VVe thought that he would have perform'd that great VVork by two excellent Perſons: And he has now taught us that having begun it by Two illuſtrious Heads, he will perfect it by One. Our Great *Queen* has been not a little uſeful to produce thoſe great Events: If ſhe did not lead the Prince to the Throne, ſhe facilitated the ways to it, which his own VViſdom and Courage had open'd. She was the Bond of Union between the King and the Nation: She has eſtabliſh'd that Union during Six years. She has in in her time rais'd our dead Hopes, and reviv'd our dead Church. God reſolves to finiſh without Her, that which he begun by Her. And ſo long as God ſhall preſerve to us Him who is the *Breath of our Noſtrils*, according to the Stile of the Prophet, we will breath ſtill, we will hope, and we will live.

I am not ignorant, that the Enemies of the Peace of *Europe* will be ready to conceive great hopes from this mournful Accident. But *He that ſits in the Hea-*

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vens ſhall laugh at their devices. He has already ſufficiently explain'd his gracious intentions: And ſo favourable a Providence appear'd evidently in this ſad Juncture; that we may plainly ſee, that he that gave the blow, has no mind to deſtroy us. It was more natural that this Misfortune ſhould have happen'd to us in the Heat of Summer, which is the proper ſeaſon for Malignant Diſeaſes: And then the King's abſence might have put an opportunity into the hands of his Enemies to plot miſchief at home. This fatal Death might have alſo ſurpriz'd us, when the Parliament was not aſſembl'd; and by this means have given occaſion to the vain hopes, and perhaps alſo to the treaſonable attempts of our Enemies. But the Preſence of the King, the ſitting of the Parliament, and the intire Union that is between Him and them, are ſufficient to diſpel all our Fears, and give us a comfortable aſſurance of the future ſucceſs of the *juſt Cauſe*. God has indeed diſcharg'd the Torrents of his indignation againſt us, but he has ſet bounds to them: He has pour'd forth the Vial of his Fury upon us; but he ſtopt it before it came to the bottom. We ought every one of us to *ſtand between the Dead and the Living*, that the Plague may be ſtaid. We ought to beſeech God to inſpire that Great King with wiſe Counſel, that he may continue his aſſiſtance to thoſe to whom his preſence is ſo neceſſary; and to enable him to fill up that great Breach which will be made by his abſence, and by the death of his other Self: And if God ſhall vouchſafe to grant theſe our Petitions, we may ſtill without vanity preſerve our hopes. H

Thus, *my Brethren*, in the midſt of thoſe Tears, which ought never to be dried up, ſince our Loſs can never be repair'd; let us truſt in God, and in the goodneſs of the King, who is of himſelf full of compaſſion, as you have found by frequent experience. And henceforth we have reaſon to hope, that he will unite in his own Heart all that Charity and Mercy which were formerly divided between Him and the Queen. He that lov'd that amiable and pious Princeſs with ſo much ardour, will certainly cheriſh Her memory, and Her Works will be dear to Him. And ſince Her Goodneſs and Beneficence to you was one of her moſt glorious Works, we may be aſſur'd that our Great Prince will perfect it, rather than over-turn it. All that vaſt number of Altars and living Temples, where that Great Queen offer'd up daily Sacrifices of Charity, are ſo many glorious Monuments, by which the honour of Her Memory is more exalted, than by the moſt Magnificent Tombs. 'Tis true thoſe Altars are but Duſt, and theſe Temples are made of Fleſh and Blood, and muſt e're long be deſtroy'd by Death. But the ſweet odour of theſe Sacrifices ſhall never periſh; it ſhall ſpread it ſelf through the whole Univerſe, it ſhall aſcend to the heavens, and endure throughout all Ages: And we hope that the Royal Bounty of that afflicted Prince, will alſo preſerve and maintain the Monuments of his dear Queen's Piety, ſo long as our miſeries ſhall require his Aſſiſtance.

As you muſt now unite in the King alone, all thoſe hopes which you formerly divided between Him and the Queen; you ought alſo to joyn for Him alone all thoſe

those ardent Prayers, which you were wont to offer up for Them both. Let us then humbly addreſs our ſelves to God, beſeeching him to cover that Great Prince with his Providence, as with an impenetrable Shield; to preſerve his ſacred Perſon from all the Attempts of his Enemies; to continue and increaſe the Affection and Zeal, which thoſe Nations that God has committed to his charge, have for him; to make him a Terror to all the VVicked, and the Delight of all Good men; to place him for a Sign in *Iſrael*; to encreaſe that piety with which his Soul is already fill'd; to eſtabliſh him in the poſſeſſion of that Grace, which ſhall guide him happily in his Race through this VVorld, and at laſt bring him to Eternal Glory.

January 15. 1695.

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